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The Spirit of the
AMERICAN RED CROSS
A Chapter from the Autobiography of



NATHANIEL CARTER DEANE.
1864



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APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM!

Love of Country—My Country—Always My Country!

I Bow to My Country's Defenders!

Rise! Stand! Uncover! Uncover! Open up my eyes! let me look up to the everlasting skies!

I love my country! My country! Always my country!

I bow to my country's defenders, the men who stand by our colors, the red, white and blue! Forever! my country!
My country's defenders! the men who meet duty and danger prepare and defend! Who do duty for me! and do duty for you.
Ever remember, for it might be me and it might be you if we had the same duty to do,
And it makes no difference between me and you; I will defend my country! and so must you.

Rise! Stand! Uncover! Uncover! Open up our eyes! let us look up to the everlasting skies!

Love of country! My country! Always my country!

We bow to my country's defenders, the men who stand by our colors the red, white and blue! Forever! my country!
Rise! Stand! Uncover and give to God old glory, glory, glory. Rise! Stand! Uncover and give to God old glory, glory, glory.
Rise! Stand! Uncover! Open up our eyes and let us look up to the everlasting skies and give to God the glory, glory, glory.
And it makes no difference between me and you; I will defend my country! and so must you.

Rise! Stand! Uncover! Uncover! Open up my eyes; let me look up to the everlasting skies!

I love my country! My country! Always my country!

I bow to my country's defenders, the men who stand by our colors, the red, white and blue! Forever! my country!
My country's defenders, the men who meet misfortune and many a hardship, who do duty for me! and do duty for you.
Ever remember, for it might be me and it might be you if we had the same duty to do.
And it makes no difference between me and you; I will defend my country! and so must you.

Rise! Stand! Uncover! Uncover! Open up our eyes! let us look up to the everlasting skies.

Love of country! My country! Always my country!

We bow to our country's defenders, the men who stand by our colors, the red, white and blue! Forever! my country!
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And it makes no difference between me and you; I will defend my country! and so must you.



NATHANIEL CARTER DEANE.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

(Imaginary truth)

And my God speaks unto me by his big red rising morning and the evening setting sun, shining thru a veil of red upon the sufferings of the World, when by his silence yet he speaks by this sign of the Blood Red Cross, We shall conquer; that when my call is made and I stand waiting at the death's vale, and give my name; then when my mind is filled with Death's Fear, standing up there at the Midway, when all seems dull and dark and drear, looking up as I start to climb—There I will pause and re-hear the moans of the suffering of the World and re-see the scene of the unfortunate in their agonics of Death, Hell, Dying Man.

The bright light of high noon day speaks out clear to me from out the heavens—the Master light—to follow up 'till I reach up there;

Then the change will come to me, as the folds of my heaven's veils will open out, and wide and clear—then I look within:

How bewildered I am, as I stare, and start to enter in,

Full of fear, my high soul's day; the best that's in me comes to me.

Have I been Charitable to my suffering man?

Have I bound up the wounds of the afflicted and cared for the sick?

Have I fed the hungry? Have I belonged to a church and have I worked under the AMERICAN RED CROSS?

There—standing near: in the bright light—I will see a sainted Keeper at the vales: He will come to me; then I will tell him my name and that I belong to the American Red Cross, the best that's in me. I pray, the bad I have tried to do away. Then he will kindly smile and greet me and bid me welcome and take me by the hand and lead me in and seat me near the Throne to meet my Saviour and the Red Cross Nurses, Miss Carra Cutter and Miss Clara Barton and many others, all I'll know, dressed in white, and with white-dressed brothers all about and with the Blood Red Cross of my Saviour upon their Crowns.

Then I hear them tell me and with a smile, "Make yourself at home; No religious formalities, for we all belong to the same Church here."

Miss Cutter and Miss Barton, we were comrades together in the days of the War. May I speak to you, for I feel fear?

Comrade, you will lose your fear and learn as time goes on, for this is only just inside of the vale. I have been here six of old earth's years, but this is just a moment of heaven's own time. And I have gone no further. Our Saviour he is near, for as yet we are before the light,—God's house is far beyond.

Comrade, Miss Barton, gone no further? Do you tell me if this is only the commencement,—and where is the end?

Comrade, all life tends towards death and there is no end. For the good live again and keep on going as their perfections entitle them to go. Look ahead; Distance: All eternity: Space and with the Light of Everlasting Life before you.

Comrade Miss Barton, how far back can we see our own old world and its people; and see the inhuman warfare, and with the epidemics, and the sufferings and crimes of man?

Comrade, from the day the world began, millions of years, (funny our Bible says 5918, the age) but let us look back no further than our Anno Domini, our Saviour's birth, and review His life and His sufferings by crucifixion on the Cross; see his outstretched arms and with the nails driven thru His hands; see His legs and with the nails driven thru His feet; See the spear wounds in His side; see the crown of thorns upon His brow; and in its place we use the RED CROSS of our Saviour's crucifixion upon our crowns, and give the sign of the Cross as a recognition.

Comrade Miss Barton, here I see the Blood Red Cross we worship by,
And by this Sign, 'twixt my God and me through eternity,
Through the Blood Red Cross of our Saviour, through Him we see our Charity
My Faith, My Heaven's high hope, through my Christianity.

Miss Carra Cutter, Daughter of Regimental Surgeon Calvin Cutter, and daughter of the 21st Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, from July 19th, 1861, to March 24th, 1862. Died at Newbern, N. C.

Miss Clara Barton, Daughter of 21st Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry from August, 1862, until her death, April, 1912, and the First President of the American Red Cross Society.

Mrs. Flora Simmons Chapin, Daughter of 21st Massachusetts Volunteer Organization from 1912, and Daughter of the Reverend Comrade Charles E. Simmons, of the 21st Massachusetts, and President of The Woman's Relief Corps Auxiliary to The Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Massachusetts.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WHERE HISTORY HAS MISSED

This is not a history of the battle of Bull Run 2nd, but just enough taken from my personal experience and in a way to tell the story of the birth of THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

A CHILD OF CIRCUMSTANCES

Id Est

That is, by a forced march from Manassas Junction we crossed Bull Run Creek near Sudley's Ford, then going on, crossing Young's Creek on a hot, dusty road, made so by the thousands of marching men and teams and artillery all hurrying on, for the sun was shining bright and the air was boiling hot, and everything was thirsty, and drinking water was scarce, except the creeks which were fouled by fording and where polluted by our crossings by animals and men.

It was on August 29th, 1862, as we came close when we were halted by command to get our bearings and to close up.

Looking about we found an open rolling country ahead of us and on our right a ridge at the base of which we took our first stand, for a rapid fire of musketry was heard from some distance away out of sight in the woods, while clouds of blue smoke rose above the tree-tops showing the location.

Artillery was rushing by on the run, horses foaming hot and with their red nostrils expanded funnel-like as they seemed to be reaching out to catch a better and a cooler breath, while the cannon and caissons were jumping as each one passed over some bump or low place, while the riders were lashing their horses for a greater speed and the gunners were holding on by their caisson side-irons or strap-holds to keep from falling off, and the dust kept stirred up as each passed by with perfect clouds rising with a whirl-wind curl and the clicking of the hoofs as the horses as they over-reached and with the axle clicks the roar of the race was on for there was something up as they rushed away to take their positions somewhere on the line.

Columns of infantry fieldwards were passing by, sweating—hot, tired men, they too were hurrying by to be soon out of sight when the musketry fire some distance ahead seemed to tone down as the Union troops gave way.

Sound has a queer tone to the mind when a battle is on, for the mind reaches out to know what is being done, as we changed our positions; then following up we took a position to the support of a line of Artillery that was parked near the Henry House Hill and soon to

commence firing, and from the sounds and the smoke a terrific conflict was going on in many places, and, by the time the Artillery in the front of us was doing their share, as in a way when the gap sounds of the Artillery broke in front of us, for we were standing still, gave us a chance to hear from the further away.

General McDowell rode about—he was always noticeable by his peculiar white felt hat which he wore. While General Milroy rode about he too was noticeable by his snow-white head of hair.

Back behind where we stood, one of the hospitals had been established and was in direct line of some of the Confederate Artillery. And the day wore slowly away and into night, and we lay on our arms and in line ready for action, tired and hungry and thirsty and hot, and with no water nearer than the creeks, we were ordered to keep awake, and as we put the night through, we took short walks about.

By reliefs of the Artillery horses in the front of us taking turns to go back to drink at the creeks during the night, was a continuous procession, unhitched harness rattling as they went back and came again.

And the gruesome unrest during the night by the changing of positions about us seemed to tell us that on the morrow we will be called on for the best that is in us; will we endure?

And when Sunday morning came, August 30th, and the long night was wearing slowly away and the far-distant rising sun, far in the east began to show color, gently tinged a little way pink, from the darkened low-down night slowly leaving night behind growing deeper and broader and higher rising up into the heavens, the morning's Sun; what a sight of blood red that seemed to tell a tale untold.

For God seemed to bring and place an angry big red ball shining through a vale of blood which seemed to speak from out the heavens: "I am the Lord thy God and I shall put my Blood Red Cross before you this day as a new example; and I will create a new era to come, as to how man shall do under me—for the world is full of suffering, praying to me and I have heard their prayers and I will show wonders in heaven above and signs on this earth beneath, blood and fire; vapors of smoke."

And, while the inward murmur of each new silent thought who stood there seemed to cut deep into the very souls of men as they looked over the prepared fields of laying-down men, and with the line of cannon pointing enemywards in our front and about and as far as we could see.

Troops were on the move all night—by the new arrivals tired and worn out and dirty from their long march, most of them having thrown away everything possible to lighten their load going on soon to be out of sight to take their positions on the line.

Some of our Artillery had been captured to our left; up the hill the pieces were gone and marking the place by dead men and horses left behind.

Early columns of troops were advancing into action, and with the Artillery firing from the various angles soon seemed to dumb the ear with their roaring sounds and the missiles coming over now and again seemed to at times count destruction to the Hospitals, which were at some angles directly in range, but fell short.

A battery in our front—the ammunition was giving out, while one of the officers rode first to one piece then to another, then back to their caissons when he stopped and kept looking back to the rear watching the on-coming of some six mule teams on the run, bringing up ammunition with an Artillery Sergeant riding alongside of one of the teams, while they lashed the mules to make greater speed, but they soon became exhausted and stopped not far from where we were; rested a bit, then tried to come on again, but the mules were winded and they tried to come on again and by repeated whippings, they refused to move, then began to kick.

The officer was still sitting on his horse evidently thinking of what to do when a cannon-ball came, striking his horse in the rear coming out at its breast; soon another shot came, striking the mules then going through the wagon, tearing it to pieces.

Then a piece of railroad rail came over from some Confederate Battery taking out four of our men; Private Daniel Buckley, Jeremiah Harrington, Albert Knight and Jno. K. Parker; they could have seen the piece of railroad rail coming through the air wabbling about like a club but—they were watching the artillery officer and the ammunition wagon and the kicking mules.

Looking back a column of Infantry, a long moving line with a fresh cloud of dust rising above then coming closer and closer they came.

What colored fancy of some foreign military dream, dressed as Turkish Zouaves; what an imposing sight in their red, baggy pants and short blue cut-away blouses, and their red fez with its long blue tassel and canvas leggings. The Fourteenth New York, the Brooklyn Zouaves, marching two abreast, slow time, on the lead for the rear to catch up and coming up to our brigade right—when the order was given by the Commandant:

"By the right flank, Forward—March—steady on the left. Let the right swing in!" for they were a large regiment and perfectly drilled, and the movement was impressive and pretty, and they soon passed into the woods out of sight. And for a time still, save the roar of the battle in other directions too soon came the most terrific roar of musketry mingled with the sounds of cannon fire. A new corner in Hell had broken vent from a new crater, for it seemed to be all about the field from where we stood and all kinds of missiles were coming down and the horses ahead of us were receiving their share as well as the gunners who were parrying in full force as the field soon showed by the dead and wounded horses and men.

For soon wounded Zouaves came back from out their hell—a new character—dressed like some close relation to some Turkish soldier—some were hobbling as best they could and some being helped for their conspicuous uniforms condemned them to suffer, and hobbling and bleeding men seemed to follow each other, leaving a trail of blood dripping behind, and back to the hospital in our rear, which, by this time was filled and the ground all about was the best that could be given to most of them and to wait their turns for attention and in a hot sun, for the distress was beyond the accommodations.

Cannon shot were shrieking over and in the direction of the Hospital, when soon a Blood Red Cross was seen on the south side of the tent roof taken from some unfortunate Zouave's uniform who may have lost their legs by the necessity of amputation or for surgical dressing. These markers were to designate the Hospital against the Confederate artillery fire.

And the Spirit of the American Red Cross was born.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF BULL RUN 2nd SUNDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1862

A CHILD OF CIRCUMSTANCES

The American soldier is tricky—full of fun, and finds the funny side and feeds a laugh.

For he was a very scart colored man, looking for "Kap'n Smif;" he had a big coffee pot and a basket filled with grub; he had been told to go and find Captain Smith, but where he did not know. When one of the men asked, said: "Looking for Kap. Smif?" "Yarse, Sar, got his dinner an' I done no whar he ames."

"Lookin' for Kap? well he just went over there, through the woods,—he had a fuss with a man by the name of Lee over a line fence and went over to beat him, a fellow just came and told us that they were smashing each other and said for you to leave his grub with me and you to go back just as quick as you can." Then he handed his basket when soon the men were eating his grub and drinking his coffee, handing him some broken scrip which pleased him, each saying, "I am a friend of Kap Smif," when the darkey looked up and said,

"Peers to me Kap Smif has pow'ful many friends 'bout yere," then he started to go when a shell splinter hit him on the shin, then he was one of us and under our care.

We called him old for he had enlisted through native born patriotism of the old New England school as a duty to his country, for he was bald-headed and bewhiskered and wore a run-round the circle que, which he wound round the top of his bald crown, too frequently would get out of place and hang down over one eye or over his coat collar, to be put back by a choice movement of his hand, for he had educated himself to do this when his head grew bald and he grew his que.

He was standing still with the rest of us watching and thinking as we looked over a field of infantry on our left, both sides coming together with brute force battling for supremacy. While Mr. W. looked on, seemed to be by himself standing there with his hat in his hand so far as letting others about him know; for he was looking with intense eye, mind riveted on the scene as he would often shake his bald, bewhiskered head juggling his que out of place and down over one eye to be put back again, when some one asked: "Mr. W., which side is going to lick, the Yanks or the Rebs?" He made no answer, when the question was put again, waking him out of his lethargy.

It was then we saw the real character of the man as he turned and with a haughty, dignified way, saying, "Don't speak to me that way, sir; don't use such language to me, sir; do you know who those men are who are battling fearlessly, where brave strong men is best seen? Let me tell you sir, those are America's sons, the very best men, but I am sorry to say a divided family, but they will come together again after they settle their differences; they are the best men that ever lived, and neither side can ever whip the other only by exhaustion and then let them rest a bit and they will come back and fight harder than ever. But you cannot whip those men, sir, for they are the best-bred men of my country, sir, and I wish you so to understand."

When by this time our left seemed to be in an indescribable fury as the volleys burst out in an incessant roar, when the order came to strip ourselves of everything except our arms, ammunition, canteens and haversacks, and to double quick to their support, passing down the angle over dead and wounded men and the debris of the battlefield. We soon got into place to meet the next charge after their rally; but this was not our day for losses; later, on Sept. 1st, the second day away, our losses were 38 men killed and 76 wounded and 26 captured out of 400 men; this was a privileged day to us to look on and be a support to the weak spots.

And the charge came with terrific force that seemed to make the very earth tremble from the tramp of feet and the roar of cannon, but we held the ground, for the 21st Massachusetts was only a small factor among the many, for the Confederates were the assaulting force trying to turn our left, but our left was well anchored on the defense and in a wood, and the Confederate's right wing was short of covering, and, as our countrymen gave way and went back there to hear the cries and moans and prayers in their distress, their sufferings seemed to rebuke you in the guilty part we had taken in the killing and maiming of my Countrymen, and our minds seemed to reflect back to the Hospital care under the Blood Red Cross that we had seen on its birth bed tent roof during the afternoon and the memory of the early rising red sun of the morning, seemingly to shine through a veil of blood to tell a soul tale to many an unfortunate my countryman to fall this day on the battlefield of Bull Run, 2nd; and as the cruel red of the evening sun went down shining through a veil of powder smoke upon a field of dying, suffering men like ghouls, we stood about watching and listening, but not helping.

Then leaving the field in the darkened night, walking over dead and wounded men, retreating back, leaving them to work out their own salvation by the force of circumstances, we covered a part of the retreat; coming to the Hospital tents, we were delayed for some time for the way was congested from some cause and had to move more slowly driving much before us movable and there on its bedded tent roof, in its birth place there, the Blood Red Cross above. The scene of Surgery overtaxed with the cruel sufferings everything was raw; no narcotics or antiseptics, short of bandages and stretchers and bearers, and the food and water not to be got at, and in an intense summer heat a perfect Golgotha, — truly a place of the

skull, for there were dead men near and lying about, who had died from wounds and exhaustion.

They were tired-out surgeons working at amputations and operating dressings to relieve suffering men with all the strength and skill of cool, brave men. But what a mass of wounded men—a midnight dark, poorly lighted, a Red Inferno from candle light and wood fires for light, for as soon as one was operated on another took his place and the one to be taken moaning and suffering back and laid down in the open field on the ground unattended until such time as was possible to do so. Surgery, it takes men of strong nerves and with good light to work on live, suffering, struggling men, for the fields had not been emptied and those surgeons were fighting a battle of endurance where only the strong could endure, but their duty was before them and they could not retreat neither could they rest, and near each operating bench were amputated legs and arms and with the usual taken off clothing in a heap and the Red uniforms of the 14th New York, the Brooklyn Zouaves, some pieces colored deeper red by the blood of its victim was there: telling a ghostly tale of the inferno that they had passed through and some of the pieces which some of us took as souvenirs, tying a strip around our left arm in honor of the occasion, dedicating ourselves as members in the spirit of the AMERICAN RED CROSS, which at that time we knew nothing of, but was an inspiration in its foundation.

And the Birthstone of August is the Sardonyx; Motto, Plan and Act, And the Lucky Day is Sunday AND THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS WAS BORN ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF BULL RUN 2nd, SUNDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1862.

The day after the Battle of Antietam found us camped back on the high ground back of the battlefield. There had been made a roadway through the battlefield by pulling the dead and debris, each half way to open a roadway—dead men and animals, disabled cannons, and caissons and broken wheels and arms and munitions. The debris of the battlefield were strewn thickly about.

The day was extremely hot and the scent from the mangled and putrefying dead, and with their staring, black, dead eyes seemed hard to bear their look and smell, for the sun seemed to shine a pink red through a dismal void, while high above, near the cloud line, was a flock of carrion birds circling around and around, called there by their scent for a feast.

A tall man, a priest chaplain, was seen walking slowly away some distance ahead. In his left hand he held a book, falling over its back hung a cross; so, too, on top of each shoulder he wore a cross. His face wore a week's growth of beard; his face and hands were grimed with dirt; his stock was grey with soil and his coat was torn—giving the sign of the cross to the dead to his right, then to the left. His lips were seen to move and his voice in a monotone. We moved slowly, a solemn slow, amid silence save the tread of men coming to the point where we turned away from the bridge (Burnside Bridge). The silence was broken when a voice said: "Follow that priest and he will lead you across the bridge and out of Hell."

And this is the spirit of the American Red Cross.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
BY THIS SIGN WE SHALL CONQUER

By caring for and binding up the wounds of the unfortunate and extending relief to the sick and distressed, and by the hands who are always faithful.

PLAN AND ACT
AND UNDER THE SIGN OF THE CROSS
FOR ALL THE WORLD LOVES A MOTHER
HER SYMPATHY TO SOOTHE AND CARE
THE SPIRIT OF THE
AMERICAN RED CROSS

The author carried a musket as a private and fought at the Battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, Camden, Bull Run 2nd, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Blane's Cross Roads, Campbell Station, Siege of Knoxville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, North Anna, Shady Grove Road, and was wounded at Cold Harbor on June 2nd. I had no bones broken or artery severed; a shell splinter passed through my leg but I was crushed by dirt and logs falling on me from a hastily made breast work by a shell explosion . . . coming to in a midnight with moans from the dark places about me; later I found myself outside a field hospital lying among hundreds of other wounded men lying about on the ground waiting for my turn.

Surgeons were at work, sleeves rolled up, bloody and soiled like a butcher, with a rough knife, saw and steel and forcep snips, etc., the kind to scare. Water had to be brought from a distant slough, first used for slopping the tools then to wash off the bloody board. Old wood buckets were the receptacles for water and the ground around the board was wet and muddy, to be moved to a dry place from time to time, and all things dirty and with the victims black, dirty and sour and sweaty, and their clothes filled with vermin and suffering with diarrhoea, and in an intense summer heat with a pile of arms and legs and old clothes and swarms of flies, and in the stench the work went on and it was a lucky man who received any attention whatsoever as this was the flowing-in point—for many of the wounded who could take care of themselves and followed up their commands to give out.

At the cross roads for relief, I lay under a small tree, for my wound was slight in comparison to so many others of the dreadful—looking over the scene. No one was put under the influence of an opiate neither were their wounds washed before or after amputation.

In the place of opiates was used the double cross to hold the patient down to keep the live patient still for the surgeons to do their work by four attending men, two standing at the head, one on each side and crossing the victim's arms across his breast, then reaching by the men standing to the opposite side, top of the shoulder, then laying their arms down and across the breast and throat, holding the patient in a vice-like grip. If he struggled, they bore down and choked the patient still for the surgeon to do his work. Hence the oft-time expression, "They gave me the double cross."

The surgeons amputated, with a square flap caught up the arteries and the steward sewed the flap, and closed the wound, then taken off the board for another to take his place; 'twas a force of circumstances over which the surgeon or victim held no control. Ambulances were coming and going, taking away the worst cases, while six mule teams drove about and loaded up the less-severely wounded, and drove away.

He was a tall, finely built handsome fellow with red curly hair now black from dirt, face black from the long march and powder smoke, but he had the face and form of a gladiator—square jaw and chin, high cheek bones and a good bump behind the ears and a high, well built head.

He hurriedly entered the tent where the surgeons were at work, his left arm at the elbow nearly severed and with a withe tightly bound to hold back the bleeding, had no hat and only part of a shirt, covered with blood, and swarms of flies chasing him.

The surgeon had told him to go back and wait for his turn—coming to where I was, for I was under a small tree, where I could see; saying to me, "They tell me I must wait for me turn so I will wait by you," then looking up giving the sign of the cross, (the spirit of the American Red Cross) then turning around and looking, said: "See what they are doing? Did you see that heap there of legs and arms?" in a broad Irish accent, then saying looking up towards heaven, again giving the sign of the cross, (the spirit of the American Red Cross) "By the powers of heaven, sir, I can see everything in that heap but a head!"

Lying about all day, wound swollen and turning black and the next day, arm amputated, and lying out in the open on the ground, too far gone to again rally.

He used to say "Half way is enough, go slow when you get near the bad," so we called him the half-way man; used to say he was just half-way from being a big man; for he was made up of beauty, half-way man and half-way girl; had a charming voice and pretty smile; said he was just half-way from being a good singer and with a specialty of trills and lullabies, toned sweetly into prayer the kind that sleep seemed to creep in delight listening smiling sort of pulled the eye lids down and curtain the soul in peace, demons charmed, for all kept quiet as a distant twilight in a far away sort of way; winged visions seeing pretty things for goblins got away when John D. Reynolds, the half-way man sent his song trills bound round with pretty prayer words.

Then he would send a sweet missive to Mother, then to Father, then to Brothers and Sisters at the old home, and he would open the windows and call the robins and the larks and the whippoorwills and tell them to come in and sing each their own peculiar trills, all sitting round the board filled with good things, garnished with cheery laughter, and he would do it all himself while all kept quiet as the blest; when he had spilled his overflow all were sound asleep.

It was on May 31st at Shady Grove Road, Jack and I stood in line just before the sun went down. The Infantry was quiet but the Artillery, those hell-bred cannon banged and gave no mercy, for they kept hell stirred up, when a shell came down and with a terrific burst, and poor Jack seemed to jump then to fall. I started to pick him up and as I turned him over I found that the front of his pants and shirt were gone and his warm blood had wet my hand, could feel the soft of his bowels, when Jack said: "John, no half-way this time, I fear." For, as we examined him we found the front of his belly torn open but his bowels seemed not to be punctured. Then to ease his pain he began to sing, a lullaby prayer, then saying, "Take me to a Surgeon to sew me up; I want to live." Four of us carefully picked him up and carried him back until we found a field hospital, where all about were wounded men. We finally got the attention of a surgeon, who hastily examined him saying, "Take him away, too many others to care for; he has but a slim chance to live; carry him back out of the way." I was detailed to stay until they came back and I sat beside poor Jack doing all I could, which was nothing save to keep company, and the spirit of the American Red Cross at midnight seemed to come through the brush by a priest coming out of the lonely. He stopped and listened, then came close and put his hand on Jack's head, said a short prayer, and with the cross in his hand disappeared, the spirit of the American Red Cross. The dark, underlying, shadowed from the light of the moon and with dead men lying about, their ghoulish grin, the spectered horror imbedded deep in my fear. There I stood and witnessed his sufferings as he tried to relieve his sufferings by song and prayer, his well-woven words ending each verse with:

Let my dying prayer be said in song, "Great God, my King," and as he grew weaker toning down his voice like the trills of some Aeolian harp moved by each fresh zephyr-thought, wrapped in lullabies, the beauty of the most sacred mellowed down weaker, and as the morning sun came Jack seemed to waken up and said: "Good bye, John, there is no half-way this time;" then his voice trilled lower and lower down to silence. JOHN D. REYNOLDS was dead.

I stood for a time and cried as freely as boys do when things hurt most; alone among the dead, then covering his face with an old coat I ran away, for I was alone, passing dead men all about as I went.

"Fur-lined," we called Felix McDermitt. He was first Lieut.—one of the kind that was there every time, for he would often expose the red hair at his bosom while marching with

his shirt front open, to be pulled by some one in a jest saying, "Fur-lined, maybe you've got a squirrel hid; better cover up his tail."

The boys said Felix's whiskers started at the top at his crown and ended on the muscles of his toes, but Felix was full of laughter—one of the jolly fellows that we all loved and would say didn't cost him more for a shave than the rest of you.

Felix could never be kept from off the front line and got wounded at the Wilderness—shot through his wrist, said the hospital was full, there was no room for him, so he would stay and let us take care of him, didn't care to change his boarding house. Ten days at Spottsylvania Felix tried his luck again and got wounded in the Temple. Then his head swelled up, said he was putting on flesh but didn't think it improved his looks a bit. No place to go for me, the hospital, they are turning away applicants.

At Cold Harbor Felix tried his luck again, this time he got shot through the leg, then said, "I need patching and I am going away for repairs," and the last seen he was going away in a six mule team for the steamboat landing.

I was finally picked up and put aboard a six mule wagon, for I could not walk, and taken to the steamboat landing, over a rough road, there unloaded among thousands of others, for this was the rallying point of an army of wounded men, in an open field. The heat was torrid and with nothing to eat and only a drink of water by a carrier who had only a sip to give us and this from a nearby slough. Then loaded on a steamer lying at the pier, wound still undressed.

REMORSE

We grant you; though some commanding man may conquer and make a noted hero of himself by the acts of other men.

When by neglect to the unfortunate those by whom they conquered by to leave them to suffer on the field and to die.

For on beyond in their time the curse did come to his crime passed upon his life by suffering, praying men.

For far from around his sickening solitude he heard the tappings of their crossbones upon their empty skulls and saw their ghastly grin.

* * * * *

American-born man is raised, educated to help, aid and assist—and men could have been given to care for and give the Surgeons a chance.

Will you allow such things to be repeated? This is another age and the best Surgeons,—young men from the very best schools graduated, and with well-seated lucrative practices, have thrown aside all money considerations and gone forth to serve their country, the greatest missionaries in the Spirit of the American Red Cross. Stand back of them and give them your able support—for we are a Republic, the people's Democracy, and friend and foe come to us and our Surgeons are among our chief actors and under the spirit of the American Red Cross.

Was taken to Harwood Hospital, Washington, there to Castle Garden, New York Harbor, then to Knight's General Hospital, New Haven, Connecticut. There the soiled bandages taken off of others' wounds were renovated and used over again and where I contracted a contagious disease. The Hospitals so crowded that the order came to send every man home that was able and had a home to go to. The customary way was to give a furlough. Then taken to the New Haven Railroad with many others and started for my home to be cared for by the train men; taken off at Springfield, Massachusetts, on account of my delirium and taken to a Soldier's rest, near the Massasoit House, to be attended to by volunteer City Surgeons and the charity-care of the good public school teachers, the spirit of the American Red Cross Nurse (of which Clara Barton, the daughter of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment, was a school teacher, before she became a nurse, and was the first President of the American Red Cross) and others who located my Father, who came and took me home as soon as I was able to be moved.

It is wise for us to recur to the history of our ancestors. Those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the future, do not perform their duty to the world.

REMEMBER
HE WHO HAS SEEN AND ENDURED
KNOWS BEST

Remember there is some poor fellow that's wounded, sick, down and out, helpless, holds no control over himself,

And away from home and in a foreign land and in a delirium; reckless wrecker of his mind, For in his wandering mind he keeps a calling, keeps a thinking, keeps a praying to his God above him,

Eyes a staring, and looking up to the stars above him, calling for a Saviour's care;—I pray thee hear my prayer!

Remember there is some one's Father, some one's Son or Brother; some one's Son, that is doing duty for you,

Pause and think and hear him speaking, crying out, for God's sake help me, as you told me you would do,

While our God keeps up his commanding to you; send your Red Cross Surgeons, and with your Red Cross havens,

And bring along the Red Cross nurses, they that will extend a Saviour's care.

Remember the spirit of the American Red Cross stands under an arch of steel, which our swords and bayonets now form,

Crowned keyed with our flag—resting on the foundation of Liberty, Justice and Independence, carrying in their hands charity,

Sir Knight of the whole world as our Allies, stepping off with you, left foot forward,

No power will stop you save God, he who leads you in defense of all things just.

Remember and do not forget the names of our allies who are battling with my countrymen in a foreign land; they are my countrymen

My flag under whose folds our sons stand by and look up to with my countrymen, some to win and some to die,

For once their fathers, some wore the blue and some wore the gray, but now they stand together as one, my country and my countrymen,

And they will fight anew with their sons, the foreign Huns as many as may come with those who fought with us when we were young,

And we will stand upon the graves of our dead and defend their fair name, we the living unto my country's honored dead.

Remember as a Citizen living in the smooth charm of a peaceful contentment and far away from war's turmoil and strife, and while we are basking in the quietude of no responsibility,—we should not forget our men, and with those who are battling for us, and with the repeated strewn fields from hard fought contests with death, sickness and distress. Let us protect them by those who are plain, and act. Now kindly give and make your answer to some poor fellow's oft-repeated prayer and in the name and the spirit of the

AMERICAN RED CROSS

AMERICA'S SONS

Brave and True

Follow Their Flag and Our Country's Flag Bearers

Copyrighted

Follow our flag and you follow a fellow
True to our country's cause you follow
No flag can travel without a bearer.
America's sons brave and true
Follow their flag and our country's flag bearers.

Midst storms and billows deep
Midst hurricane's blasts that sweep
Midst fire and smoke and battle shot—
America's sons brave and true
Follow their flag and our country's flag bearers.

When midst storms or battle shot
But for one moment our country's flag may fall
America's sons ever hail, to sacrifice their all
To place again our country's flag
On topmost mast head strong
America's sons brave and true
Follow their flag and our country's flag bearers.

At home—abroad—in distant lands—on distant seas
Good laws—good deeds—good acts most please
To God above and all people see
America's sons brave and true
Follow their flag and our country's flag bearers.

America's sons brave and true
Follow their flag and our country's flag bearers
And never falter where duty calls them
In defense of country—home—kindred and our God
America's sons brave and true
Follow their flag and our country's flag bearers.

Nathaniel Carter Deane
September 14th, 1909.

OUR FLAG
THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE
IS UNFURLED
UP ON TOP
OF THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

Copyrighted Jan. 29, 1912

Let me tell you this story that's true—
Our Flag, the red, white and blue is unfurled
Midst the endless white winters of snow;
America's sons there they did go
To put our flag on top at the pole—
Our Flag, the red, white and blue there they unfurled
Up on top! of the Whole Wide World.

Past arctic's icy mountains
With the zeros far below,
Where every life's in danger
Midst the drifting storms of snow—
Bring back the joyful tidings:
Our Flag's up on top at the pole—
Up on top! of the Whole Wide World

Let me tell you this story that's true—
Our Flag, the red, white and blue is unfurled
Where all longitudes meet at the pole;
America's sons there they did go
To put our flag up on top at the pole—
Our Flag, the red, white and blue there they unfurled
Up on top! of the Whole Wide World.

Step by step the zero reaching
With the zeros far below,
Where every life's in danger
Midst drifting storms of snow—
Bring back the joyful tidings:
Our Flag's up on top at the pole—
Up on top! of the Whole Wide World.

Nathaniel Carter Deane.



NATHANIEL CARTER DEANE.

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